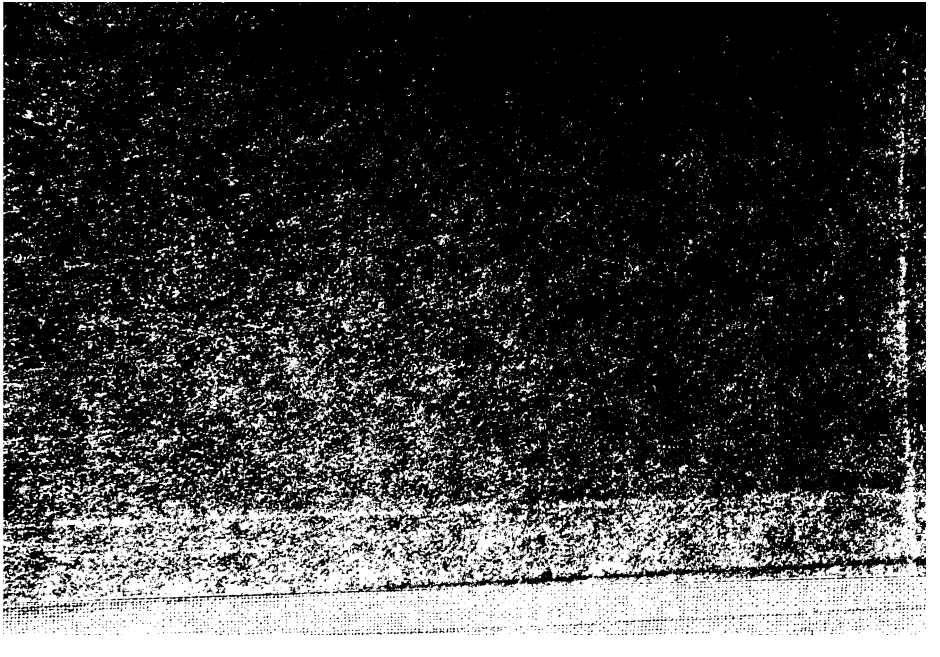

EPISTLES,

ODES,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

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AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

TANTI NON ES, AIS. SAPIS, LUPERCE.
MARTIAL; *Lib.* I. *Epig.* 118.

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VOL. II.

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LYING.

CHE CON LE LOR BUGIE PAJON DIVINI.
Mauro d'Arcano.

I DO confess, in many a sigh
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!

If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!
Oh no!—believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kist, and kissing sworn!

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth!

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
  I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
  'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!

At length I bid an artist paint
  Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
  To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip
  Is blushing through the wave at me!
Every roseate drop I sip
  Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drink the more for this;
  For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
  And in the nectar flows again!

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear!
  And may that eye for ever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
  As bathes it in this bowl of mine!

TO

———'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she whose shade thou art
No more will let thee soothe my pain—
Yet tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pangs, to give thee back again!

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
With which she made thy semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign!

Yet go—and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me wild and free;

Could she give back the careless flow,
  The spirit which my fancy knew—
Yet, ah! 'tis vain—go, picture, go—
  Smile at me once, and then—adieu!

FRAGMENT

OF

*A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE**.

BLEST infant of eternity!
Before the day-star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, oh Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient night
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee!

* Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timæus held Form to be the father and Matter the mother of the World; Elion and Berouth, I think, are Sanchoniatho's first spiritual lovers, and Manco-capac and his wife introduced creation amongst the Peruvians. In short, Harlequin seems to have studied cosmogonies, when he said "tutto il mondo è fatto come la nostra famiglia."

No form of beauty sooth'd thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide;
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died!

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping;
Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping!

But look what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide:
What spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
So lovely? art thou but the child
Of the young godhead's dreams,
That mock his hope with fancies strange and wild?
Or were his tears, as quick they fell,
Collected in so bright a form,
Till, kindled by the ardent spell
Of his desiring eyes,
And all impregnate with his sighs,
They spring to life in shape so fair and warm!

'Tis she!
Psyche, the first-born spirit of the air
To thee, oh Love! she turns,
On thee her eye-beam burns:
Blest hour of nuptial ecstasy!
They meet—
The blooming god—the spirit fair—
Oh! sweet, oh heavenly sweet!
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn!

* * * * *

* * * *

TO

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS

PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE F—RB—S.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
  Howe'er remote, howe'er refin'd,
And o'er the magic tablet tell
  The silent story of the mind;

O'er nature's form to glance the eye,
  And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
  Her evening blushes, ere they fade!

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
  Divinest of the powers divine
That light the Muse's flowery dream,
  And these, oh Prince! are richly thine!

Yet, yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
  In emanating soul exprest,
The sweet memorial of a face
  On which her eye delights to rest;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
  The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
The cheek, that blushes to be seen,
  The eye, that tells the bosom's truth;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
  Her soul with fond attention roves,
Blessing the hand, whose various hue
  Could imitate the form it loves;

She feels the value of thy art,
  And owns it with a purer zeal,
A rapture, nearer to her heart,
  Than critic taste can *ever* feel!

THE

PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS*

TO

A LAMP WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

DULCIS CONSCIA LECTULI LUCERNA.
Martial, Lib. xiv. Epig. 39.

"Oh! love the Lamp" (my Mistress said)
"The faithful Lamp that, many a night,
"Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
"Has kept its little watch of light!

* It was not very difficult to become a philosopher amongst the antients. A moderate store of learning, with a considerable portion of confidence, and wit enough to produce an occasional apophthegm, were all the necessary qualifications for the purpose. The principles of moral science were so very imperfectly understood, that the founder of a new sect, in forming his ethical code, might consult either fancy or temperament, and adapt it to his own passions and propensities; so that Mahomet, with a

"Full often has it seen her weep,
"And fix her eye upon its flame,
"Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
"Repeating her beloved's name!

"Oft has it known her cheek to burn
"With recollections, fondly free,
"And seen her turn, impassion'd turn
"To kiss the pillow, love! for thee,
"And, in a murmur, wish thee there,
"That kiss to feel, that thought to share!

little more learning, might have flourished as a philosopher in those days, and would have required but the polish of the schools to become the rival of Aristippus in morality. In the science of nature too, though they discovered some valuable truths, yet they seemed not to know they were truths, or at least were as well satisfied with errors; and Xenophanes, who asserted that the stars were igneous clouds, lighted up every night and extinguished again in the morning, was thought and styled a philosopher, as generally as he who anticipated Newton in developing the arrangement of the universe.

For this opinion of Xenophanes, see Plutarch de Placit. Philosoph. Lib. ii. Cap. 13. It is impossible to read this treatise of Plutarch, without alternately admiring and smiling at the genius, the absurdities of the philosophers

"Then love the Lamp—'twill often lead
"Thy step through learning's sacred way;
"And, lighted by its happy ray,
"Whene'er those darling eyes shall read
"Of things sublime, of nature's birth
"Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
"Oh! think that she, by whom 'twas given,
"Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes—dearest Lamp! by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has hung*;
The neck reclin'd, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The sever'd lip's delicious sighs,
The fringe, that from the snowy lid
Along the cheek of roses lies:

* The antients had their lucernæ cubiculariæ or bed-chamber lamps, which as the Emperor Galienus said "nil cras meminere;" and with the same commendation of secresy, Praxagora addresses her lamp in Aristophanes, Βύκλης. We may judge how fanciful they were, in the use and embellishment of their lamps, from the famous symbolic Lucerna which we find in the Romanum Museum Mich. Ang. Causei, p. 127.

By these, by all that bloom untold,
  And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold,
  My Lamp and I shall never part!

And often, as she smiling said,
  In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary tread
  Through poesy's enchanting maze!

Thy flame shall light the page refin'd,
  Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
  Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his burning soul behind!
Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
  Oh man of Ascra's dreary glades*!
To whom the nightly-warbling Nine†
  A wand of inspiration gave‡,
Pluck'd from the greenest tree, that shades
  The crystal of Castalia's wave.

* Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms of his father's flight to the wretched village of Ascra. Εργ. και Ἡμερ. v. 251.

† Ἐπτυχιαι ϛιχοι, περικαλλεα οσσαν ιεισαι. Theog. v. 10.

‡ Και μοι σκηπτρον ιδον, δαφνης εριθηλεα ὀζον. Id. v. 30.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cull the sages heavenly store,
From Science steal her golden clue,
And every mystic path pursue,
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes
Through labyrinths of wonder flies!

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
The passing world's precarious flight,
Where all, that meets the morning glow,
Is chang'd before the fall of night * !

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
"Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
"And Time, who bids thy flame expire
"Will also quench yon heaven of suns!"

Oh! then if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour;

* Ρειν τα ὅλα ποταμῳ δικην, as, expressed among the dogmas of Heraclitus the Ephesian, and with the same image by Seneca, in whom we find a beautiful diffusion of the thought. "Nemo est mane, qui fuit pridie. Corpora nostra rapiuntur fluminum more; quidquid vides currit cum tempore. Nihil ex his quæ videmus manet. Ego ipse, dum loquor mutari ipsa, mutatus sum," &c.

If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave shall steal away;
Who pauses, to enquire of heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which heaven has made for man to use,
And man should think it guilt to lose?
Who, that has cull'd a weeping rose,
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away;
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
On which it dies and loves to die!

Pleasure! thou only good on earth*!
One little hour resign'd to thee—
Oh! by my LAIS' lip, 'tis worth,
The sage's immortality!

* Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only true voluptuousness, and avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
  And all the lore, whose tame control
Would wither joy with chill delays!
Alas! the fertile fount of sense,
  At which the young, the panting soul
Drinks life and love, too soon decays!

Sweet Lamp! thou wert not form'd to shed
  Thy splendour on a lifeless page—
Whate'er my blushing LAIS said
  Of thoughtful lore and studies sage
'Twas mockery all—her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ*!

* Maupertuis has been still more explicit than this philosopher, in ranking the pleasures of sense above the sublimest pursuits of wisdom. Speaking of the infant man, in his production, he calls him, "une nouvelle creature, qui pourra comprendre les choses les plus sublimes, et ce qui est bien au-dessus, qui pourra gouter les mêmes plaisirs." See his Venus Physique. This appears to be one of the efforts at Fontenelle's gallantry of manner, for which the learned President is so well ridiculed in the Akakia of Voltaire.

Maupertuis may be thought to have borrowed from the antient Aristippus that indiscriminate theory of pleasures

And, soon as night shall close the eye
  Of heaven's young wanderer in the west;
When seers are gazing on the sky,
  To find their future orbs of rest;
Then shall I take my trembling way,
  Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
  Glide to the pillow of my love.

Calm be her sleep, the gentle dear!
Nor let her dream of bliss so near;
Till o'er her cheek she thrilling feel
My sighs of fire in murmurs steal,
And I shall lift the locks, that flow
Unbraided o'er her lids of snow,
And softly kiss those sealed eyes,
And wake her into sweet surprise!

which he has set forth in his Essai de Philosophe Morale, and for which he was so very justly condemned. Aristippus, according to Laertius, held μη διαφερειν τε ἡδονην ἡδονης, which irrational sentiment has been adopted by Maupertuis: "Tant qu'on ne considere que l'état présent, tous les plaisirs sont du même genre," &c. &c.

Or if she dream, oh! let her dream
  Of those delights we both have known
And felt so truly, that they seem
  Form'd to be felt by us alone!
And I shall mark her kindling cheek,
  Shall see her bosom warmly move,
And hear her faintly, lowly speak
  The murmur'd sounds so dear to love!
Oh! I shall gaze, till even the sigh,
That wafts her very soul, be nigh,
And when the nymph is all but blest,
Sink in her arms and share the rest!
Sweet LAIS! what an age of bliss
  In that one moment waits for me!
Oh sages!—think on joy like this,
  And where's your boast of apathy!

TO

MRS. BL—H—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Τυτο δε τι εστι το ποτον; πλανη, εφη.

Cebetis Tabula.

THEY say that Love had once a book,
(The urchin likes to copy you,)
Where, all who came the pencil took,
And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line,
Or thought profane should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
  With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
  More bright than that she turn'd before!

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
  How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas! as oft,
  And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
  And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
  Which Love had still to smooth again!

But, oh! there was a blooming boy,
  Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
  As all who read still sigh'd for more!

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
  And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
  Would tremble for her spotless book!

For still she saw his playful fingers
  Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys;
And well she knew the stain, that lingers
  After sweets from wanton boys!

And so it chanc'd, one luckless night
  He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
  And sullied lines and marge and all!

In vain he sought, with eager lip
  The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
  The deeper still the blot would sink!

Oh! it would make you weep to see
  The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
  Had freshly drawn a rose's bud!

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
  And Hope's sweet lines were all defac'd,
And Love himself could scarcely know
  What Love himself had lately trac'd!

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas! could Pleasure stay?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away!

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long are faded!

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related!

EPISTLE VII.

TO

THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M. D.

TO

THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M.D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ΔΙΗΓΗΣΟΜΑΙ ΔΙΗΓΗΜΑΤΑ ΙΣΩΣ ΑΠΙΣΤΑ, ΚΟΙΝΩΝΑ 'ΩΝ ΠΕΠΟΝΘΑ ΟΥΚ ΕΧΩΝ,

XENOPHONT. *Ephes. Ephesiac.* Lib. v.

'Tis evening now; the heats and cares of day
In twilight dews are calmly wept away.
The lover now, beneath the western star,
Sighs through the medium of his sweet segar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy!
The weary statesman for repose hath fled
From halls of council to his negro's shed,

Where blest he woos some black Aspasia's gra
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace *

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now ‡
This fam'd metropolis, where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees ;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,

* The "black Aspasia" of the present ********* of United States, "inter Avernales haud ignotissima nympl has given rise to much pleasantry among the anti-demo wits in America.

† "On the original location of the ground now allo for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld) the i tical spot on which the capitol now stands was ca Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a cer prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, whic to be, as it were, a second Rome." Weld's Tra Letter iv.

‡ A little stream runs through the city, which, with tolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It originally called Goose-Creek.

nothing but wood * and ********* they see,
treets should run and sages *ought* to be!

be under the necessity of going through a deep
one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next-
ibour, and in the same city, is a curious and I
novel circumstance." Weld, Letter iv.

deral City (if it must be called a city) has not
n increased since Mr, Weld visited it. Most of
buildings, which were then in some degree of
ss, have been since utterly suspended. The
ready a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen
e rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by
ble Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's
very noble structure, is by no means suited to
phical humility of its present possessor, who in-
a corner of the mansion himself and abandons
a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who
ilosophers cannot look at without regret. This
ice is encircled by a very rude pale, through
mmon rustic stile introduces the visitors of the
n America. With respect to all that is within
I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Hero-
say, *τα δε εν απορρητω.*

vate buildings exhibit the same characteristic
rrogant speculation and premature ruin, and the
of houses which were begun some years ago
ned so long waste and unfinished, that they are
e most part dilapidated.

And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave !—
Oh great Potowmac ! oh you banks of shade !
You mighty scenes, in nature's morning made,
While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humbler, care
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair !
Say were your towering hills, your boundless flood
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
And woman charm and man deserve her love!
Oh ! was a world so bright but born to grace
Its own half-organiz'd, half-minded race *

* The picture which Buffon and De Pauw have dra
of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as
as I can judge, much more correct than the flattering
presentations which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See
notes on Virginia, where this gentleman endeavours to d
prove in general the opinion maintained so strongly
some philosophers, that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expres
it) *be-littles* her productions in the western world. M.
Pauw attributes the imperfection of animal life in Ameri
to the ravages of a very recent deluge, from whose effe
upon its soil and atmosphere it has not yet sufficiently
covered. See his Recherches sur les Americains, Part
Tom. i. p. 102.

Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
Like vermin, gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
Where none but demi-gods should dare to roam?
Or worse, thou mighty world! oh! doubly worse,
Did heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
The motley dregs of every distant clime
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?
But hush!—observe that little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines,
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief*,
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And stept o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign!

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!

* On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

Too form'd for peace to act a conqueror's part,
Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold!

While warmer souls command, nay make their fate,
Thy fate made thee and forc'd thee to be great.
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found *thee* undazzled tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborn to be!

Now turn thine eye where faint the moon-light falls
On yonder dome—and in those princely halls,
If thou canst hate, as, oh! that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,
If thou canst loath and execrate with me
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,

That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
If thou hast got, within thy free-born breast,
One pulse, that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's controul,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear!
Rank must be reverenc'd, even the rank that's there:
So here I pause—and now, my HUME! we part;
But oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here!
O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise *!

* In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distin-

While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
Where sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than l

guishes the present demagogues of the United States, has become indeed too generally the characteristic of countrymen. But there is another cause of the corru of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by government and identified with the interests of the munity, seems to threaten the decay of all honest prin in America. I allude to those fraudulent violatio neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucr part of their commerce, and by which they have so infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and a tages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is n sarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamin around it.

THE

SNAKE.

1801.

ove and I, the other day,
ı a myrtle arbour lay,
near us, from a rosy bed,
: Snake put forth its head.

' said the maid, with laughing eyes—
ler the fatal emblem lies!
could expect such hidden harm
ath the rose's velvet charm?"

did moral thought occur
ıore unlucky hour than this;
! I just was leading her,
alk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake, but she
In pity pray'd, it might not be.
" No," said the girl—and many a spark
  Flash'd from her eyelid, as she said it—
" Under the rose, or in the dark,
  " One might, perhaps, have cause to dreac
" But when its wicked eyes appear,
  " And when we know, for what they wink
" One must be very simple, dear,
  " To let it sting one—don't you think so?

LINES,

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

——————— τηνδε την πολιν φιλως
Ειπων· ικαξια γαρ.
SOPHOCL. *Œdip. Colon.* v. 758.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh!

Oh Nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre, that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
  Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to m
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe
  again,
  Till the threshold of home had been kist b
  feet!

But the lays of his boy-hood had stol'n to their
  And they lov'd what they knew of so huml
  name,
And they told him, with flattery welcome and
  That they found in his heart something swe
  than fame!

Nor did woman—oh woman! whose form
  whose soul
  Are the spell and the light of each path we pu
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the
  If woman be there, there is happiness too!

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
  That magic his heart had relinquish'd so lo
Like eyes he had lov'd was *her* eloquent eye,
  Like them did it soften and weep at his son

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream!
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!

THE

FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE *.

'Twas on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay;
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,

* Though I call this a Dithyrambic Ode, I ca presume to say that it possesses, in any degree, the racteristics of that species of poetry. The nature o ancient Dithyrambic is very imperfectly known. cording to M. Burette, a licentious irregularity of m an extravagant research of thought and expression, a rude embarrassed construction, are among its most d guishing features. He adds, " Ces caractères des rambes se font sentir a ceux qui lisent attentivemer odes de Pindare." Memoires de l'Acad. vol. x. p. And the same opinion may be collected from Schn dissertation upon the subject. But I think if the D rambics of Pindar were in our possession, we should that, however wild and fanciful, they were by no n the tasteless jargon they are represented, and that their irregularity was what Boileau calls " un beau d dre." Chiabrera, who has been styled the Pindar of I

The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs, the almighty Power,
At nature's dawning hour,
Stor'd the rich fluid of ethereal soul * !
Around
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
From eastern isles,

and from whom all its poetry upon the Greek model was called Chiabreresco (as Crescimbeni informs us, Lib. i. cap. 12.) has given, amongst his Vendemmie, a Dithyrambic, all' uso de' Greci; it is full of those compound epithets, which, we are told, were a chief character of the style (συνθετους δε λεξεις εποιουν. Suid. Διθυραμβοδιδ.); such as

Briglindorato Pegaso
Nubicalpestator.

But I cannot suppose that Pindar, even amidst all the licence of dithyrambics, would ever have descended to ballad-language like the following:

Bella Filli, e bella Clori
Non più dar pregio a tue bellezze e taci,
Che se Bacco fa vezzi alle mie labbra
Fo le fiche a' vostri baci.
. . . . . esser vorrei Coppier,
E se troppo desiro
Deh fossi io Bottiglier.
Rime del CHIABRERA, Part II. p. 352.

* This is a Platonic fancy; the philosopher supposes, in his Timæus, that, when the deity had formed the soul of

(Where they have bath'd them in the orient ray,
And with fine fragrance all their bosoms fill'd,)
In circles flew, and melting, as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd!
All, all was luxury!

All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus smiles!
His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd!
While mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clustering blooms of light,
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy!

the world, he proceeded to the composition of other sou in which process, says Plato, he made use of the same cı though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pı as for the former; and having refined the mixture with little of his own essence, he distributed it among the sta which served as reservoirs of the fluid. Ταυτ' ειπε ; παλιν επι τον προτερον κρατηρα εν ᾧ τηη τε παντος ψυχην κιραν εμισγε κ. τ. λ.

Upon his bosom, Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung
Her beauty's dawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity
Languish'd upon her eyes and lip,
In chains of ecstasy!
Now in his arm,
In blushes she repos'd,
And, while her zone resign'd its every charm,
To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance
stole.
And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to sip
The nectar'd wave
Lyæus gave,
And from her eyelids, gently clos'd,
Shed a dissolving gleam,
Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl!
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold descending
Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
Wav'd o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected by its crystal tide,

Like a sweet crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour
With roses of Cyrene blending *
Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream!

The Olympian cup
Burn'd in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet
Up
The empyreal mount,
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount †;
And still,
As the resplendent rill
Flam'd o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
Her graceful care
Would cool its heavenly fire
In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd air,
Such as the children of the pole respire,
In those enchanted lands ‡,

* We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant. Ευοσματα τα δι τα ιν Κυρηνη ροδα.

† Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence. "Scintilla stellaris essentiæ." MACROBIUS, in Somn. Scip. Lib. i. cap. 14.

‡ The country of the Hyperboreans; they were supposed

Where life is all a spring, and north winds never
blow!
But oh!
Sweet Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy fleet career
Along the studded sphere,

to be placed so far north, that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, &c. &c But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined, that instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions; thus the former: Τα ὡν πτερα εικαζοντας την χιονα τυς Σκυθας τε και τυς περιοικυς δοκεω λεγειν. HERODOT. Lib. iv. cap. 31. Ovid tells the fable otherwise. See Metamorph. Lib. xv.

Mr. O'Halloran, and some other Irish Antiquarians, have been at great expense of learning to prove that the strange country, where they took snow for feathers, was Ireland, and that the famous Abaris was an Irish Druid. Mr. Rowland however will have it that Abaris was a Welshman, and that his name is only a corruption of Ap Rees!

With a rich cup for Jove himself to drink,
Some star, that glitter'd in the way,
Raising its amorous head
To kiss so exquisite a tread,
Check'd thy impatient pace!
And all heaven's host of eyes
Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
In lapse of loveliness, along the azure skies *!
Upon whose starry plain they lay,
Like a young blossom on our meads of gold,
Shed from a vernal thorn
Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn!
Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
The myrtled votaries of the queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
Upon a diamond shrine!

* I believe it is Servius who mentions this unlucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cup-bearer; and Hoffman tells it after him: "Cum Hebe pocula Jovi administrans, perque lubricum minus cauté incedens, cecidisset, revolutisque vestibus"—in short, she fell in a very awkward manner, and though (as the Encyclopédistes think) it would have amused Jove at any other time, yet, as he happened to be out of temper on that day, the poor girl was dismissed from her employment.

The wanton wind,
Which had pursued the flying fair,
And sweetly twin'd
Its spirit with the breathing rings
Of her ambrosial hair,
Soar'd as she fell, and on its ruffling wings,
(Oh wanton wind!)
Wafted the robe, whose sacred flow
Shadow'd her kindling charms of snow,
Pure, as an Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the mysteries †!

* * * *

* the brow of Juno flush'd—
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd,
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye was glancing through the strings.

† The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the cista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "asinus portat mysteria." See the Divine Legation, Book ii. sect. 4.

Drops of ethereal dew,
That burning gush'd,
As the great goblet flew
From Hebe's pearly fingers through the sky!
Who was the spirit that remember'd Man
In that voluptuous hour?
And with a wing of Love
Brush'd off your scatter'd tears,
As o'er the spangled heaven they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb below *?
Essence of immortality!
The shower
Fell glowing through the spheres
While all around new tints of bliss,
New perfumes of delight,
Enrich'd its radiant flow!

* In the Geoponica, Lib. ii. cap. 17. there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth. Εν ουρανω των θεων ευωχουμενων, και του νεκταρος πολλου παρακειμενου, ανασκιρτησαι χορεια τον Ερωτα και συσσεισαι τω πτερω του κρατηρος την βασιν, και περιτριψαι μιν αυτον· το δε νεκταρ εις την γην εκχυθεν κ. τ. λ. Vid. Autor. de Re Rust. edit. Cantab. 1704.

Now, with a humid kiss,
It thrill'd along the beamy wire
Of Heaven's illumin'd lyre *,
Stealing the soul of music in its flight!
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly faun'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole!
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld the rill of flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas a planet, whose stupendous frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolv'd
Around its fervid axle, and dissolv'd
Into a flood so bright!

* The constellation Lyra. The astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in ascendenti, which are enumerated by Pontano, in his Urania:

——Ecce novem cum pectine chordas
Emodulans, mulcet que novo vaga sidera cantu,
Quo captæ nascentum animæ concordia ducunt
Pectora, &c.

The child of day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping
On the flush'd bosom of a lotos-flower * ;
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed !
But, when the waking boy
Wav'd his exhaling tresses through the sky,
O morn of joy !
The tide divine,

* The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotos. Ειτε Αιγυπτιοι ἑωραϊκως αρχην ανατολης παιδιον νεογνον γραφοντας επι λωτω καθιζομενον. Plutarch. περι τη μη χραν εμμετρ. See also his treatise de Isid. et Osir. Observing that the lotos shewed its head above water at sunrise, and sank again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating it to Osiris, or the sun.

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotos, is very frequent on the Abraxases, or Basilidian stones. See Montfaucon, tom. ii. planche 158, and the " Supplement," &c. tom. ii. lib. vii. chap. 5.

All glittering with the vermil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,
nd every drop was wine, was heavenly WINE!

Blest be the sod, the flowret blest,
That caught, upon their hallow'd breast,
he nectar'd spray of Jove's perennial springs!
Less sweet the flowret, and less sweet the sod,
O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar god *!

* The ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the veetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest; nd the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that hich the smile of Iris had consecrated. Plutarch. ympos. lib. iv. cap. 2. where (as Vossius remarks) καιωσι, stead of καλωσι, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See ossius, for some curious particularities of the rainbow, e Origin. et Progress. Idololat. lib. iii. cap. 13.

TO

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again!

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins!

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sun-set of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another!

ANACREONTIC.

"She never look'd so kind before—
"Yet why the wanton's smile recall?
"I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
"Tis hollow, vain and heartless all!"

Thus I said and, sighing, sipp'd
The wine which she had lately tasted;
The cup, where she had lately dipp'd
Breath, so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on Lamia hung—
On whom but Lamia *could* they hang?

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
A world for every kiss I'd give her;
Those floating eyes, that floating shine
Like diamonds in an eastern river!

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
  Of which luxurious heaven hath cast her,
Through which her soul doth beam as white
  As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
  Were sweet, as if 'twas LAMIA'S hair
That lay upon my lute for chords,
  And LAMIA'S lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turn'd the theme,
  And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
  The chord beneath my finger broke!

False harp! false woman!—such, oh! such
  Are lutes too frail and maids too willing;
Every hand's licentious touch
  Can learn to wake their wildest thrilling!

And when that thrill is most awake,
  And when you think heaven's joys await you
The nymph will change, the chord will break—
  Oh Love! oh Music! how I hate you!

TO

MRS. ———

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not thy heart a heart refin'd?
Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love or heaven can trace?
And oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
Though some thy heart hath harbour'd near
May now repay its love with blame;
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man be first to wound thee;
Though the whole world may freeze around thee,

Oh! thou'lt be like that lucid tear *,
Which, bright, within the chrystal's sphe
In liquid purity was found,
Though all had grown congeal'd around
Floating in frost, it mock'd the chill,
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still!

* This alludes to a curious gem, upon which has left us some pointless epigrams. It was a dro water inclosed within a piece of chrystal. See Epigram. de Chrystallo cui aqua inerat. Addi tions a curiosity of this kind at Milan; he also say such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in which they there pretend is a tear that our Savi over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, it in a little chrystal vial and made a present of it Magdalen." Addison's Remarks on several parts

HYMN

OF

A VIRGIN OF DELPHI

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

Oh! lost, for ever lost!—no more
  Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
  To hymn the fading fires of day!
No more to Tempé's distant vale
  In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
  To bear the mystic chaplets home *!

* The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia; but upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempé for their laurel. We find in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the branches, of which the temple was originally constructed; and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music,

'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
By nature warm'd and led by thee,
In every breeze was taught to feel
The breathings of a deity!
Guide of my heart! to memory true,
Thy looks, thy words, are still my own—
I see thee raising from the dew,
Some laurel, by the wind o'erthrown,
And hear thee say, "This humble bough
"Was planted for a doom divine,
"And, though it weep in languor now,
"Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
"Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
"Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
"A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
"To bloom immortal in the skies!"

Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!

"The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delp
always attended by a player on the flute." Αλλα μη
τω καταικομιζοντι παιδι την Τεμπικην δαφνην εις Δελφους παρο
αυλητης.

Fond soother of my infant tear!
  Fond sharer of my infant joy!
Is not thy shade still lingering here?
  Am I not still thy soul's employ?
And oh! as oft, at close of day
  When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd the choral lay,
  And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;
As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
  That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
  My foot the lightest o'er the green:
So still, each little grace to mould,
  Around my form thine eyes are shed,
Arranging every snowy fold,
  And guiding every mazy tread!
And, when I lead the hymning choir,
  Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
  And weds them into harmony!
Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
  Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
  To memory so divinely dear!

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ὥσπερ σφραγῖδες τα φιλήματα.

Achilles Tatius, Lib. ii.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
"The charm is broken!—once betray'd,
"Oh! never can my heart rely
"On word or look, on oath or sigh.
"Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
"With promis'd faith and vows to heaven;
"That little ring which, night and morn,
"With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
"That seal, which oft in moments blest,
"Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
"And sworn its dewy spring should be
"A fountain seal'd * for only thee!"

* "There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars

"Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
"All sullied, lost and hateful now!"

I took the ring—the seal I took,
While oh! her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled!
Gently I whisper'd, "FANNY, dear!
"Not half thy lover's gifts are here:
"Say, where are all the seals he gave
"To every ringlet's jetty wave,
"And where is every one he printed
"Upon that lip, so ruby-tinted,
"Seals, of the purest gem of bliss,
"Oh! richer, softer, far than this!

"And then the ring—my love! recall
"How many rings, delicious all,

shew a fountain, which they say is the 'sealed fountain' to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking." Maundrell's Travels. See also the notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.

" His arms around that neck hath twisted,
" Twining warmer far than this did!
" Where are they all, so sweet so many?
" Oh! dearest, give back all, if any!"

While thus I murmur'd, trembling too
Lest all the nymph had vow'd was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like day-light o'er a sea of blue,
While yet the air is dim with dew!
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine—
Oh! who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals!

TO

MISS SUSAN B——CKF——D.

ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lips have given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seem'd, like thee, to breathe of heaven!

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Oh! why should fairy Fancy keep
"These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that heaven had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth!

And yet, in all that flowery maze
  Through which my life has lov'd to tread,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
  From lips of dearest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
  From beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
  Upon a rose's bosom lying!

Though form and song at once combin'd
  Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my heart hath pin'd
  For something softer, lovelier still!

Oh! I have found it all, at last,
  In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
  Its harmonizing breath of fire!

All that my best and wildest dream,
  In fancy's hour, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's beam
  Are realiz'd, at once, in thee!

LINES

WRITTEN AT

THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER *.

GIA ERA IN LOCO OVE S'UDIA 'L RIMBOMBO
DELL' ACQUA.....

Dante.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,

* There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene, than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild
Through shades that frown'd and flowers tl
smil'd,
Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!
Oh! I have thought, and thinking sigh'd—
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe,
And flowers of joy my path may go!
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming anc solving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is haps the most interesting beauty which these wond cataracts exhibit,

While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destin'd falls,
I see the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the lost current cease to run!
Oh, may my falls be bright as thine!
May heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee!

CLORIS AND FANNY.

CLORIS! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee;
While FANNY, wild and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it—
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid!

TO

MISS ———

WITH woman's form and woman's tricks
So much of man you seem to mix,
  One knows not where to take you:
I pray you, if 'tis not too far,
Go, ask of Nature *which* you are,
  Or what she meant to make you.

Yet stay—you need not take the pains—
With neither beauty, youth, nor brains
  For man or maid's desiring;
Pert as female, fool as male,
As boy too green, as girl too stale—
  The thing's not worth enquiring!

TO

ON HER ASKING ME TO ADDRESS A POEM TO H

SINE VENERE FRIGET APOLLO.
Ægid. Menagius

How can I sing of fragrant sighs
I ne'er have felt from thee?
How can I sing of smiling eyes,
That ne'er have smil'd on me?

The heart, 'tis true, may fancy much,
But, oh! 'tis cold and seeming—
One moment's real, rapturous touch
Is worth an age of dreaming!

Think'st thou, when JULIA's lip and breast
Inspir'd my youthful tongue,
I coldly spoke of lips unprest,
Nor felt the heaven I sung?

No, no, the spell, that warm'd so long,
  Was still my JULIA'S kiss,
And still the girl was paid, in song,
  What she had giv'n, in bliss!

Then beam one burning smile on me,
  And I will sing those eyes;
Let me but feel a breath from thee,
  And I will praise thy sighs.

That rosy mouth alone can bring
  What makes the bard divine—
Oh, Lady! how my lip would sing,
  If once 'twere prest to thine!

SONG

OF

*THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS**

QUA VIA DIFFICILIS, QUAQUE EST VIA NULLA....
Ovid. Metam. Lib. iii.

Now the vapour hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

* The idea of this poem occurred to me in p through the very dreary wilderness between Bat new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the fatiguing part of the route, in travelling throu Genesee country to Niagara.

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along!
Christian! 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild, thou dar'st to roam—
Oh! 'twas once the Indian's home*!

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman† loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:

* "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped." Morse's American Geography.

† The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits*,
Lone beneath a roof of blood,
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew!

Hither bend you, turn you hither
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of mad'ning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
O'er the damp earth, pale and dying!
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug

* This was the mode of punishment for murder (a
Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They
dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin,
murderer was obliged to remain several days toget
to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not
himself but on his food."

For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood!
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air
To the Fiend presiding there*!
Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint he falls at last,
Sinking where the cause-way's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;

* "We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places." See Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony; he also says, "We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi." See Hennepin's Voyage into North America.

Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let musquitoes hover,
In his ears and eye-balls tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

TO

MRS. HENRY T——GHE,

ON READING HER

"PSYCHE."

1802.

TELL me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Say, Love! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine!

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such perfume o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
  The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd—
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
  The myrtle wither'd, as she breath'd !

Oh ! you, that love's celestial dream,
  In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
  Too strongly through the vision glow !

Love sweetest lies, conceal'd in night,
  The night where heaven has bid him lie ;
Oh ! shed not there unhallow'd light,
  Or, PSYCHE knows, the boy will fly *!

* See the story in Apuleius. With respect to this l
tiful allegory of Love and Psyche, there is an inge
idea suggested by the senator Buonarotti, in his " O
vazioni sopra alcuni frammenti di vasi antichi."
thinks the fable is taken from some very occult myst
which had long been celebrated in honour of Love
he accounts, upon this supposition, for the silence o
more ancient authors upon the subject, as it was n
towards the decline of pagan superstition, that w
could venture to reveal or discuss such ceremonies ; ac
ingly, he observes, we find Lucian and Plutarch tre

Dear PSYCHE! many a charmed hour,
  Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower *
  Thy mazy foot my soul hath trac'd!

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
  Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow †
  Has chain'd thee to thy Cupid's breast;

ithout reserve, of the Dea Syria, and Isis and Osiris; and puleius, who has given us the story of Cupid and Psyche, as also detailed some of the mysteries of Isis. See the iornale di Litterati d'Italia, Tom. xxvii. Articol. 1. ee also the observations upon the ancient gems in the luseum Florentinum, Vol. i. p. 156.

I cannot avoid remarking here an error into which the rench Encyclopédistes have been led by M. Spon, in ieir article Psyche. They say "Petrone fait un recit de pompe nuptiale de ces deux amans (Amour et Psyche). Deja, dit-il, &c. &c." The Psyche of Petronius, however, is a servant-maid, and the marriage which he describes is that of the young Pannychis. See Spon's Recherches curieuses, &c. Dissertat. 5.

* Allusions to Mrs. T—ghe's poem.

† Constancy.

Whether above the horizon dim,
Along whose verge our spirits stray,
(Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
Half brighten'd by the eternal ray *)

Thou risest to a cloudless pole!
Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
The twilight walk of many a soul
Through sunny good and evil dark;

Still be the song to PSYCHE dear,
The song, whose dulcet tide was given
To keep her name as fadeless, here,
As nectar keeps her soul, in heaven!

* By this image the Platonists expressed the state of the soul between sensible and intellectual exi

IMPROMPTU,

UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O DULCES COMITUM VALETE COETUS!

Catullus.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted!

Oh! if regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away!

Long be the flame of memory found,
Alive, within your social glass,
Let that be still the magic round,
O'er which oblivion dares not pass!

EPISTLE VIII.

TO

THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

TO THE

HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

NEC VENIT AD DUROS MUSA VOCATA GETAS.
Ovid. ex Ponto, Lib. i. Ep. 5.

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

THOU oft hast told me of the fairy hours
Thy heart has number'd, in those classic bowers,
Where fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
'Mid cowls and cardinals profanely flit,
And pagan spirits, by the Pope unlaid,
Haunt every stream and sing through every shade!
There still the bard, who, (if his numbers be
His tongue's light echo,) must have talk'd like thee,
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,
In which the basking soul reclines and glows,
Warm without toil and brilliant in repose.

There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
How modern monks with ancient rakes agree;
How mitres hang, where ivy wreaths might twine,
And heathen Massic's damn'd for stronger wine!
There too are all those wandering souls of song,
With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,
Whose rarest gems are, every instant, hung
By memory's magic on thy sparkling tongue.
But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
As, far from thee, my lonely course I take,
No bright remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days
Has left that visionary glory here,
That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand and conquering * rivers flow

* This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's strikin description of the confluence of the Missouri with th

Mind, mind alone, without whose quickening ray,
The world's a wilderness and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows!
Take christians, mohawks, democrats and all
From the rude wig-wam to the congress-hall,
From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he!
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world can brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nothing's known of luxury, but vice!

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For golden fancy? for those dreams sublime,

Mississippi. "I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore without mixing them: afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea." Letter xxvii.

Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
No, no—the muse of inspiration plays
O'er every scene; she walks the forest-maze,
And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not!
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of heart to thaw them into song!

Yet, yet forgive me, oh you sacred few!
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve
'Twas bliss to live with and 'twas pain to leave *

* In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, a Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments whic my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Denni has succeeded in diffusing through this elegant little circl that love for good literature and sound politics, which he feel so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the charac teristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accus me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of th ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did no hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed,

Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore
The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
When his lone heart but faintly hop'd to find
One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind!
Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumin'd taste,
Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has wander'd, oh you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.
Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
O'er your fair country and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born.
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor damn'd by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
Of single majesty, can grandly place
An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,

could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it; and in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see with the more indignation what Americans *are*.

Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair capital that flowers above!—
If yet, releas'd from all that vulgar throng,
So vain of dulness and so pleas'd with wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can rise, can wreathe the attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along!
It is to you, to souls that favouring heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given—
Oh! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'e

Believe me, SPENCER, while I wing'd the ho
Where Schuylkill undulates through banks
flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream of home!

And looks I met, like looks I lov'd before,
And voices too, which as they trembled o'er
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their own!
Oh! we had nights of that communion free,
That flush of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught and follies that refin'd!
When shall we both renew them? when, restor'd
To the pure feast and intellectual board,
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?
Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for England—oh! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet!

Ω ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, 'ΩΣ ΣΟΥ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ.

Euripides.

A WARNING.

TO

———— ————

Oh! fair as heaven and chaste as light!
Did nature mould thee all so bright,
That thou shouldst ever learn to weep
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?

No, no! a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity!
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of fire such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore!
Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose early charms were just array'd

In nature's loveliness like thine,
And wore that clear, celestial sign,
Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
For destiny's peculiar care!
Whose bosom too was once a zone,
Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
Whose eyes were talismans of fire
Against the spell of man's desire!
Yet, hapless girl, in one sad hour,
Her charms have shed their radiant flower;
The gem has been beguil'd away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind!
Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone,
To memory rais'd by hands unknown,
Which, many a wintry hour, has stood
Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,
To tell the traveller, as he crost,
That there some loved friend was lost!
Oh! 'twas a sight I wept to see—
Heaven keep the lost-one's fate from thee!

TO

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
While yet my soul is something free;
While yet those dangerous eyes allow
One moment's thought to stray from thee!

Oh! thou art every instant dearer—
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer,
I am lost, unless I fly thee!

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
Wish me not so soon to fall,
Duties, fame and hopes await me,
Oh! that eye would blast them all!

Yes, yes, it would—for thou'rt as cold
  As ever yet allur'd or sway'd,
And would'st, without a sigh, behold
  The ruin which thyself had made!

Yet—*could* I think that, truly fond,
  That eye but once would smile on me,
Good heaven! how much, how far beyond
  Fame, duty, hope that smile would be!

Oh! but to win it, night and day,
  Inglorious at thy feet reclin'd,
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
  The world for thee forgot, resign'd!

But no, no, no—farewell—we part,
  Never to meet, no, never, never—
Oh woman! what a mind and heart
  Thy coldness has undone for ever!

FROM

THE HIGH-PRIEST OF APOLL

TO

*A VIRGIN OF DELPHI**.

CUM DIGNO DIGNA.....

Sulpicia.

"WHO is the maid, with golden hair,
"With eyes of fire and feet of air,
"Whose harp around my altar swells,
"The sweetest of a thousand shells?"

* This poem requires a little explanation. It is v
known that, in the ancient temples, whenever a rever
priest, like the supposed author of the invitation before
was inspired with a tender inclination towards any
visitor of the shrine, and, at the same time, felt a d
dence in his own powers of persuasion, he had but to
claim that the God himself was enamoured of her,

'Twas thus the deity, who treads
The arch of heaven, and grandly sheds
Day from his eye-lids!—thus he spoke,
As through my cell his glories broke.

"Who is the maid, with golden hair,
"With eyes of fire and feet of air,
"Whose harp around my altar swells,
"The sweetest of a thousand shells?"

had signified his divine will that she should sleep in the interior of the temple. Many a pious husband connived at this divine assignation, and even declared himself proud of the selection, with which his family had been distinguished by the deity. In the temple of Jupiter Belus there was a splendid bed for these occasions. In Egyptian Thebes the same mockery was practised, and at the oracle of Patara in Lycia, the priestess never could prophesy till an interview with the deity was allowed her. The story which we read in Josephus (Lib. xviii. cap. 3) of the Roman matron Paulina, whom the priests of Isis, for a bribe, betrayed in this manner to Mundus, is a singular instance of the impudent excess to which credulity suffered these impostures to be carried. This story has been put into the form of a little novel, under the name of "La Pudicia Schernita," by the licentious and unfortunate Pallavicino. See his Opere Scelte, Tom. i. I have made my priest here prefer a cave to the temple.

Aphelia is the Delphic fair *,
With eyes of fire and golden hair,
Aphelia's are the airy feet,
And her's the harp divinely sweet;
For foot so light has never trod
The laurel'd caverns † of the god,
Nor harp so soft has ever given
A strain to earth or sigh to heaven!

"Then tell the virgin to unfold,
"In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
"And bid those eyes with fonder fire
"Be kindled for a god's desire ‡;

* In the 9th Pythic of Pindar, where Apollo, in the sa manner, requires of Chiron some information respec the fair Cyrene, the Centaur, in obeying, very gra apologizes for telling the God what his omniscience n know so perfectly already:

Ει δε γε χρη και παρ σοφον αντιφιριξαι
Ερεω·

† Αλλ' εις δαφνωδη γυαλα βησομαι ταδε. EURIPID. v. 76.

‡ Ne deve partorir ammiratione ch'egli si pregiass haver una Deità concorrente nel possesso della mogl mentre anche nei nostri secoli, non ostante così rigoi legge d'onore, trovasi chi s'ascrive à gloria il vede moglie honorata da gl'amplessi di un Principe. *Pallavic*

" Since He, who lights the path of years—
" Even from the fount of morning's tears,
" To where his setting splendours burn
" Upon the western sea-maid's urn—
" Cannot, in all his course, behold
" Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold!
" Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
" His lip yet sparkling with the tide,
" That mantles in Olympian bowls,
" The nectar of eternal souls!
" For her, for her he quits the skies,
" And to her kiss from nectar flies.
" Oh! he would hide his wreath of rays,
" And leave the world to pine for days,
" Might he but pass the hours of shade,
" Imbosom'd by his Delphic maid,
" She, more than earthly woman blest,
" He, more than god on woman's breast!"

There is a cave beneath the steep *,
Where living rills of crystal weep

* The Corycian Cave, which Pausanias mentions. The inhabitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Corycian nymphs, who were children of the river Plistus.

O'er herbage, of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begem'd with dew,
There oft the green bank's glossy tint
Is brighten'd by the amorous print
Of many a faun and naiad's form,
That still upon the dew is warm,
When virgins come, at peep of day,
To kiss the sod where lovers lay!
"There, there" the god, impassion'd, said,
"Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
"And the dim orb of lunar souls *
"Along its shadowy path-way rolls—
"There shall we find our bridal bed,
"And ne'er did rosy rapture spread,
"Not even in Jove's voluptuous bowers,
"A bridal bed so blest as ours!

"Tell the imperial God, who reigns,
"Sublime in oriental fanes,

* See a preceding note, Vol. I. p. 142. It should seem th lunar spirits were of a purer order than spirits in gener as Pythagoras was said by his followers to have descend from the regions of the moon. The heresiarch Manes t imagined that the sun and moon are the residence of Chri and that the ascension was nothing more than his flight those orbs.

Whose towering turrets paint their pride
Upon Euphrates' pregnant tide * ;
Tell him, when to his midnight loves
In mystic majesty he moves,

The temple of Jupiter Belus at Babylon, which con-
l of several chapels and towers. "In the last tower
Herodotus) is a large chapel, in which there lies a
very splendidly ornamented, and beside it a table of
but there is no statue in the place. No man is
ed to sleep here, but the apartment is appropriated to
ale, whom, if we believe the Chaldæan priests, the
selects from the women of the country, as his favour-
Lib. i. cap. 181.

e poem now before the reader, and a few more in
resent collection, are taken from a work, which I
prematurely announced to the public, and which,
ps very luckily for myself, was interrupted by my
e to America. The following fragments from the
work describe the effect of one of these invitations of
upon the mind of a young enthusiastic girl.

* Delphi heard her shrine proclaim,
In oracles, the guilty flame.
Apollo lov'd my youthful charms,
Apollo woo'd me to his arms!—
Sure, sure when man so oft allows
Religion's wreath to blind his brows,
Weak wondering woman *must* believe,
Where pride and zeal at once deceive,

" Lighted by many an odorous fire,
" And hymn'd by all Chaldæa's choir—
" Oh! tell the godhead to confess,
" The pompous joy delights him less,

When flattery takes a holy vest,
Oh! 'tis too much for woman's breast!

How often ere the destin'd time,
Which was to seal my joys sublime,
How often did I trembling run
To meet, at morn, the mounting sun,
And, while his fervid beam he threw
Upon my lip's luxuriant dew,
I thought—alas! the simple dream—
There burn'd a kiss in every beam;
With parted lips inhal'd their heat,
And sigh'd "oh god! thy kiss is sweet!"

Oft too, at day's meridian hour,
When to the naiad's gleamy bower
Our virgins steal, and, blushing, hide
Their beauties in the folding tide,
If, through the grove, whose modest arms
Were spread around my robeless charms,
A wandering sunbeam wanton fell
Where lover's looks alone should dwell,
Not all a lover's looks of flame
Could kindle such an amorous shame,

" (Even though his mighty arms enfold
" A priestess on a couch of gold)
" Than, when in love's unholier prank,
" By moonlight cave or rustic bank

It was the sun's admiring glance,
And, as I felt its glow advance
O'er my young beauties, wildly flush'd
I burn'd and panted, thrill'd and blush'd!

* * * * * *

No deity at midnight came,
The lamps, that witness'd all my shame,
Reveal'd to these bewilder'd eyes
No other shape than earth supplies;
No solar light, no nectar'd air,
All, all, alas! was human there,
Woman's faint conflict, virtue's fall
And passion's victory, human all!
How gently must the guilt of love
Be charm'd away by Powers above,
When men possess such tender skill
In softening crime and sweetening ill!
'Twas but a night, and morning's rays
Saw me, with fond, forgiving gaze,
Hang o'er the quiet slumbering breast
Of him who ruin'd all my rest;
Him, who had taught these eyes to weep
Their first sad tears, and yet could sleep!

* * * * * *

" Upon his neck some wood-nymph lies,
" Exhaling from her lip and eyes
" The flame and incense of delight,
" To sanctify a dearer rite,
" A mystery, more divinely warm'd
" Than priesthood ever yet perform'd !"

Happy the maid, whom heaven allows
To break for heaven her virgin vows !
Happy the maid !—her robe of shame
Is whiten'd by a heavenly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race !

Oh virgin ! what a doom is thine !
To-night, to-night a lip divine *

* Fontenelle, in his playful *rifacimento* of the learned materials of Van-Dale, has related in his own inimitable manner an adventure of this kind which was detected and exposed at Alexandria. See L'Histoire des Oracles, seconde dissertat. chap. vii. Crebillon too, in one of his most amusing little stories, has made the Génie Mange-Taupes, of the Isle Jonquille, assert this privilege of spiritual beings in a manner very formidable to the husbands

In every kiss shall stamp on thee
A seal of immortality!
Fly to the cave, Aphelia, fly;
There lose the world and wed the sky!
There all the boundless rapture steal
Which gods can give or woman feel!

of the island. He says however, "Les maris ont le plaisir de rester toujours dans le doute; en pareil cas, c'est une ressource."

WOMAN.

Away, away—you're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
Oh! by my soul, I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long!

Slow to be warm'd and quick to rove,
From folly kind, from cunning loath,
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that's best in both.

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest!

Away, away—your smile's a curse—
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind pitying heaven! by death or worse,
Before I love such things again!

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

" By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
" In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
" And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
" Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine !"

TO

ΝΟΣΕΙ ΤΑ ΦΙΛΤΑΤΑ.

Euripides.

1803.

COME, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
  Upon the gathering ills we see;
Oh! take the harp and let me lose
  All thoughts of ill in hearing thee!

Sing to me, love!—though death were near,
  Thy song could make my soul forget—
Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
  All may be well, be happy yet!

Let me but see that snowy arm
  Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
  Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!

Give me that strain, of mournful touch,
  We us'd to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
  As now, alas! they bleed to know!

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
  Of all, that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd, lost—oh! pray thee, cease,
  I cannot bear those sounds again!

Art thou too wretched? yes, thou art;
  I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
  'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

A

VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
The venerable man*; a virgin bloom
Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
That tower'd upon his brow; as when we see

* In Plutarch's Essay on the Decline of the Oracles, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them; the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the Nymphs. Περι την ερυθραν θαλασσαν ἑυρον, ανθρωποις αγα παν ιτος ὀπαξ εντυγχανοντα, ταλλα δε συν ταις νυμφαις, νομασι και δαιμοσι, ὡς ιφασκε. He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place: φθεγγομενυ δε τον τοπον ευωδια κατειχε, τυ ςοματος ηδιςον αποπνεοντος. From him Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

The gentle moon and the full radiant sun
Shining in heaven together. When he spoke
'Twas language sweeten'd into song—such holy sounds
As oft the spirit of the good man hears,
Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
When death is nigh * ! and still, as he unclos'd
His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
That blossom in elysium †, breath'd around!
With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
Of the dark veil, which many an age had hung
O'er nature's form, till by the touch of time
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses through it!
Of magic wonders, that were known and taught

* The celebrated Janus Dousa, a little before his death, imagined that he heard a strain of music in the air. See the poem of Heinsius "In harmoniam quam paulo ante obitum audire sibi visus est Dousa." Page 501.

† ——————— ενθα μακαρων
νασον ωκεανιδες
αυραι περιπνεουσιν: αν-
θεμα δε χρυσω φλεγει. *Pindar. Olymp.* ii.

By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
Who mus'd, amid the mighty cataclysm,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore *,
Nor let the living star of science † sink
Beneath the waters, which ingulph'd the world!—
Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd
To him ‡, who trac'd upon his typic lyre

* Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural, science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity. See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article Cham. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus, or the impostor Annius, and a few more such respectable testimonies. See Naudé's Apologie pour les Grands Hommes, &c. chap. 8, where he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

† Chamum à posteris hujus artis admiratoribus Zoroastrum, seu vivum astrum, propterea fuisse dictum et pro Deo habitum. Bochart. Geograph. Sacr. Lib. iv. cap. 1.

‡ Orpheus.—Paulinus, in his Hebdomades, cap. 2. Lib. ii. has endeavoured to shew, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, made up of a diatesseron, which is his soul, and a diapente, which is his body. Those frequent allu-

The diapason of man's mingled frame,
And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven!

sions to music, by which the ancient philosophers illustra their sublime theories, must have tended very much elevate the character of the art, and to enrich it with sociations of the grandest and most interesting nat See a preceding note, Vol. I. p. 54, for their ideas upon harmony of the spheres. Heraclitus compared the mixt of good and evil in this world to the blended varietie harmony in a musical instrument; (Plutarch. de Ani Procreat.) and Euryphamus, the Pythagorean, in a f ment preserved by Stobæus, describes human life, i perfection, as a sweet and well-tuned lyre. Some of ancients were so fanciful as to suppose that the operat of the memory were regulated by a kind of mus cadence, and that ideas occurred to it "per arsin et thes while others converted the whole man into a mere har nized machine, whose motion depended upon a cer tension of the body, analogous to that of the strings i instrument. Cicero indeed ridicules Aristoxenus for fancy, and says, "let him teach singing, and leave pl sophy to Aristotle;" but Aristotle himself, though de edly opposed to the harmonic speculations of the Py goreans and Platonists, could sometimes condescend enliven his doctrines by reference to the beauties of mus science; as, in the treatise Περι κοσμου attributed to t Καθαπερ δε εν χορω, κορυφαιω καταρξαντος. κ. τ. λ.

The Abbé Batteux, upon the doctrine of the Stoics, tributes to those philosophers the same mode of illustrat

ll of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,
o the young and bright-hair'd visitant
mel's sacred mount * !—Then, in a flow

: étoit cause active ποιειν αιτιος ; le corps cause pas-
τυ πασχειν. L'une agissant dans l'autre ; et y
, par son action même, un caractère, des formes,
lifications, qu'elle n'avoit pas par elle-même ; a peu
nme l'air, qui chassé dans un instrument de musique,
sôitre par les differens sons qu'il produit, les diffé-
nodifications qu'il y reçoit." See a fine simile of
l in Cardinal Polignac's poem, Lib. 5. v. 734.

hagoras is represented in Jamblichus as descending
eat solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason
melites have claimed him as one of their fraternity.
ochus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom
oras conversed in Phœnicia, and from whom he de-
e doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by
s be the same with Moses. Huett has adopted
a, Demonstration Evangelique, Prop. iv. chap. 2.
l Le Clerc, amongst others, has refuted it. See
h. Choisie, Tom. i. p. 75. It is certain however
e doctrine of atoms was known and promulgated
fore Epicurus. "With the fountains of Democritus,"
cero "the gardens of Epicurus were watered;" and
the learned author of the Intellectual System has
that all the early philosophers, till the time of Plato,
omists. We find Epicurus, however, boasting that

Of calmer converse, he beguil'd us on
Through many a maze of garden and of porc

his tenets were new and unborrowed, and perhap
among the antients had a stronger claim to origin
for, in truth, if we examine their schools of philo
notwithstanding the peculiarities which seem to
guish them from each other, we may generally observ
the difference is but verbal and trifling, and that,
those various and learned heresies, there is scarcely
be selected, whose opinions are its own, original a
clusive. The doctrine of the world's eternity may be
through all the sects. The continual metempsy
of Pythagoras, the grand periodic year of the Stoi
the conclusion of which the universe is supposed to
to its original order, and commence a new revol
the succeasive dissolution and combination of atoms
tained by the Epicureans, all these tenets are but
rent intimations of the same general belief in the et
of the world. As St. Austin explains the periodic y
the Stoics, it disagrees only so far with the idea
Pythagoreans, that instead of an endless transmis
the soul through a variety of bodies, it restores the
body and soul to repeat their former round of exis
and " that identical Plato, who lectured in the Ac
of Athens, shall again and again, at certain interval
ing the lapse of eternity, appear in the same Ac
and resume the same functions—" ....sic eadem te
temporaliumque rerum volumina repeti, ut v. g. si
isto sæculo Plato philosophus in urbe Atheniensi,

gh many a system, where the scatter'd light
ıvenly truth lay, like a broken beam

ıuæ Academia dicta est, discipulos docuit, ita per
rabilia retro sæcula, multum plexis quidem inter-
ed certis, et idem Plato, et eadem civitas, eadem-
ola, iidemque discipuli repetiti et per innumerabilia
sæcula repetendi sint—de Civitat. Dei, Lib. xii.
. Vanini, in his dialogues, has given us a similar
ion of the periodic revolutions of the world. "Eà
ı, qui nunc sunt in usu ritus, centies millies fuerunt,
ıe renascentur quoties ceciderunt." 52.
paradoxical notions of the Stoics, upon the beauty,
es, the dominion of their imaginary sage, are among
ıt distinguishing characteristics of the school, and,
ng to their advocate Lipsius, were peculiar to that
' Priora illa (decreta) quæ passim in philosophan-
holis ferè obtinent, ista quæ peculiaria huic sectæ
nt contradictionem: i. e. paradoxa." Manuduct.
c. Philos. Lib iii. Dissertat. 2. But it is evident
Abbé Garnier has remarked, Memoires de l'Acad.
15.) that even these absurdities of the Stoics are
ed, and that Plato is the source of all their extra-
paradoxes. We find their dogma, "dives qui sa-
(which Clement of Alexandria has transferred from
osopher to the Christian, Pædagog. Lib. iii. cap. 6.)
ed in the prayer of Socrates at the end of the Phæ-
Ω φιλε Παν τε και αλλοι ὁσοι τηδε θεοι, δοιητε μοι καλω
ταενδοθεν· ταξωθεν δε ὁσα εχω, τοις ενϑος ειναι μοι
λαισιον δε νομιζοιμι τον σοφον. And many other in-

From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still *,

stances might be adduced from the Αντεραςαι, the Πολιτικα &c. to prove that these weeds of paradox were gather among the bowers of the Academy. Hence it is th Cicero, in the preface to his Paradoxes, calls them Soc tica; and Lipsius, exulting in the patronage of Socrat says "Ille totus est noster." This is indeed a coaliti which evinces as much as can be wished the confused si litude of antient philosophical opinions: the father scepticism is here enrolled amongst the founders of Portico; he, whose best knowledge was that of his o ignorance, is called in to authorize the pretensions of most obstinate dogmatists in all antiquity.

Rutilius, in his Itinerarium, has ridiculed the sabbatl the Jews, as "lassati mollis imago Dei;" but Epicu gave an eternal holiday to his gods, and, rather than dist the slumbers of Olympus, denied at once the interfere of a Providence. He does not, however, seem to h been singular in this opinion. Theophilus of Antioch he deserve any credit, in a letter to Autolycus, Lib. iii. putes a similar belief to Pythagoras. φησι (Πυθαγορας) των παντων θεις ανθρωπων μηδεν φροντιζειν· and Plut though so hostile to the followers of Epicurus, has u countably adopted the very same theological error; ha quoted the opinions of Anaxagoras and Plato upon divi he adds Κοινως εν αμαρτανουσιν αμφοτεροι, ὁτι τον θεον εποι επιςεφομενον των ανθρωπινων. De Placit. Philosoph. Li

And bright through every change!—he spoke of Him,
The lone †, eternal One, who dwells above,

cap. 7. Plato himself has attributed a degree of indifference to the gods, which is not far removed from the apathy of Epicurus's heaven; as thus, in his Philebus, where Protarchus asks, Ουκουν εικος γε ουτε χαιρειν θεους, ουτε το εναντιον; and Socrates answers, Παυ μεν ουν εικος, ασχημον γουν αυτων πουτερον γιγνομενον εςιν. while Aristotle supposes a still more absurd neutrality, and concludes, by no very flattering analogy, that the deity is as incapable of virtue as of vice. Και γαρ ωσπερ ουδεν θηριου εςι κακια, ουδ' αρετη, ουτως ουδε θεου. Ethic. Nicomach. Lib. vii. cap. 1. In truth, Aristotle, upon the subject of Providence, was little more correct than Epicurus. He supposed the moon to be the limit of divine interference, excluding of course this sublunary world from its influence. The first definition of the world, in his treatise Περι Κοσμου (if this treatise be really the work of Aristotle) agrees, almost verbum verbo, with that in the letter of Epicurus to Pythocles; they both omit the mention of a deity; and, in his Ethics, he intimates a doubt whether the gods feel any interest in the concerns of mankind. Ει γαρ τις επιμελεια των ανθρωπινων υπο θεων γινεται. It is true, he adds 'Ωσπερ δοκει, but even this is very sceptical.

In these erroneous conceptions of Aristotle, we trace the cause of that general neglect, which his philosophy experienced among the early Christians. Plato is seldom much

And of the soul's untraceable descent
From that high fount of spirit, through the grades

more orthodox, but the obscure enthusiasm of his style allowed them to interpret all his fancies to their purpose; such glowing steel was easily moulded, and Platonism became a sword in the hands of the fathers.

The Providence of the Stoics, so vaunted in their school, was a power as contemptibly inefficient as the rest. All was fate in the system of the Portico. The chains of destiny were thrown over Jupiter himself, and their deity was like Borgia, et Cæsar et nihil. Not even the language of Seneca can reconcile this degradation of divinity. "Ille ipse omnium conditor ac rector scripsit quidam fata, sed sequitur; semper paret, semel jussit." Lib. de Providentiâ, cap. 5.

With respect to the difference between the Stoics, Peripatetics, and Academicians, the following words of Cicero prove that he saw but little to distinguish them from each other. "Peripateticos et Academicos, nominibus differentes, re congruentes; a quibus Stoici ipsi verbis magis quam sententiis dissenserunt." Academic. Lib. ii. 5. and perhaps what Reid has remarked upon one of their points of controversy might be applied as effectually to the reconcilement of all the rest. "The dispute between the Stoics and Peripatetics was probably all for want of definition. The one said they were good under the controul of reason, the other that they should be eradicated." Essays, Vol. iii. In short, from the little which I know upon the sub-

Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible and dark;

ject, it appears to me as difficult to establish the boundaries of opinion between any two of the philosophical sects, as it would be to fix the land-marks of those estates in the moon, which Ricciolus so generously allotted to his brother astronomers. Accordingly we observe some of the greatest men of antiquity passing without scruple from school to school, according to the fancy or convenience of the moment. Cicero, the father of Roman philosophy, is sometimes an Academician, sometimes a Stoic; and, more than once, he acknowledges a conformity with Epicurus; "non sine causa igitur Epicurus ausus est dicere semper in pluribus bonis esse sapientem, quia semper sit in voluptatibus." Tusculan. Quæst. Lib. v. Though often pure in his theology, he sometimes smiles at futurity as a fiction; thus, in his Oration for Cluentius, speaking of punishments in the life to come, he says "Quæ si falsa sunt, id quod omnes intelligunt, quid ei tandem aliud mors eripuit, præter sensum doloris?" though here perhaps we should do him justice by agreeing with his commentator Sylvius, who remarks upon this passage, "Hæc autem dixit, ut causæ suæ subserviret." Horace roves like a butterfly through the schools, and now wings along the walls of the Porch, and now basks among the flowers of the Garden; while Virgil, with a tone of mind strongly philosophical, has left us uncertain of the sect which he espoused: the balance of opinion declares him an Epicurean, but the antient au-

Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch

thor of his life asserts that he was an Academician, an
trace through his poetry the tenets of almost all the
ing sects. The same kind of eclectic indifference i
servable in most of the Roman writers. Thus Prope
in the fine elegy to Cynthia, on his departure for Ath

Illic vel studiis animum emendare Platonis,
Incipiam, aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis.
Lib. iii. Eleg. 5

Though Broukhusius here reads, "dux Epicure," w
seems to fix the poet under the banners of Epicurus.
the Stoic Seneca, whose doctrines have been consider
orthodox, that St. Jerome has ranked him amongs
ecclesiastical writers; and Boccaccio, in his comme
upon Dante, has doubted, (in consideration of the ph
pher's supposed correspondence with St. Paul,) wh
Dante should have placed him in Limbo with the n
the Pagans—the rigid Seneca has bestowed such com
dations on Epicurus, that if only those passages of his w
were preserved to us, we could not, I think, hesita
pronouncing him an Epicurean. In the same manne
find Porphyry, in his work upon abstinence, referri
Epicurus as an example of the most strict Pythag
temperance; and Lancelotti, the author of Farfalloni
antichi Istorici, has been seduced by this grave reput
of Epicurus into the absurd error of associating him
Chrysippus, as a chief of the Stoic school. There

Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still!
As some bright river, which has roll'd along

doubt, indeed, that however the Epicurean sect might have relaxed from its original purity, the morals of its founder were as correct as those of any among the antient philosophers, and his doctrines upon pleasure, as explained in the letter to Menœceus, are rational, amiable, and consistent with our nature. M. de Sablons, in his Grands Hommes vengés, expresses strong indignation against the Encyclopédistes for their just and animated praises of Epicurus, and discussing the question, "si ce philosophe étoit vertueux," he denies it upon no other authority than the calumnies collected by Plutarch, who himself confesses that, on this particular subject, he consulted only opinion and report, without pausing to investigate their truth. Αλλα την δοξαν, ου την αληθειαν σκοπουμεν. To the factious zeal of his illiberal rivals the Stoics, Epicurus owed these gross misrepresentations of the life and opinions of himself and his associates, which, notwithstanding the learned exertions of Gassendi, have still left an odium on the name of his philosophy; and we ought to examine the ancient accounts of Epicurus with the same degree of cautious belief which, in reading ecclesiastical history, we yield to the declamations of the fathers against the heretics, trusting as little to Plutarch upon a dogma of this philosopher, as we would to St. Cyril upon a tenet of Nestorius. (1801.)

The preceding remarks, I wish the reader to observe, were written at a time, when I thought the studies to

Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold
When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
But keeps awhile the pure and golden tinge,
The balmy freshness of the fields it left ‡!

And here the old man ceased—a winged train
Of nymphs and genii led him from our eyes.
The fair illusion fled! and, as I wak'd,
I knew my visionary soul had been

which they refer much more important and much mo
amusing than, I freely confess, they appear to me
present.

* Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christiani
may be found dispersed through the ancient philosophic
sects, and that any one who would collect these scatter
fragments of orthodoxy, might form a code in no respe
differing from that of the Christian. "Si extitisset aliqui
qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectasque diffusa
colligeret in unum, ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto n
dissentiret a nobis." Inst. Lib. vi. c. 7.

† Το μονον και ερημον.

‡ This fine Platonic image I have taken from a passa
in Father Bouchet's letter upon the Metempsychosis, i
serted in Picart's Cérém. Relig. Tom. IV.

Among that people of aerial dreams
Who live upon the burning galaxy * !

* According to Pythagoras, the people of Dreams are souls collected together in the Galaxy. Δημος δε ονειρων, κατα Πυθαγοραν, αι ψυχαι ας συναγεσθαι φησιν εις τον γαλαξιαν. Porphyr. de Antro Nymph.

TO

THE world had just begun to steal
  Each hope, that led me lightly on,
I felt not, as I us'd to feel,
  And life grew dark and love was gone!

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
  No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
No tongue to call me kind and dear—
  'Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death!

But when I saw that gentle eye,
  Oh! something seem'd to tell me then,
That I was yet too young to die,
  And hope and bliss might bloom again!

With every beamy smile, that crost
  Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling, which my heart had lost,
  And peace, which long had learn'd to roa

Twas then indeed so sweet to live,
  Hope look'd so new and love so kind,
That, though I weep, I still forgive
  The ruin, which they've left behind!

I could have lov'd you—oh so well;—
  The dream, that wishing boy-hood knows,
Is but a bright, beguiling spell,
  Which only lives, while passion glows:

But, when this early flush declines,
  When the heart's vivid morning fleets,
You know not then how close it twines
  Round the first kindred soul it meets!

Yes, yes, I could have lov'd, as one
  Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
  Which pays him for the loss of all!

* * * *
* * *

DREAMS.

TO

In slumber, I prithee how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit,
While bodies are—Heaven knows where?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
Come ask, whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
And they talk'd and they kist the time throu
For, when souls come together at night,
There is no knowing what they mayn't do!

And *your* little Soul, Heaven bless her!
  Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
  By keeping her prison'd all day.

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
  "For a peep now and then to her eye,
"Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
  "Just venture abroad on a sigh;

"In an instant, she frightens me in
  "With some phantom of prudence or terror,
"For fear I should stray into sin,
  "Or, what is still worse, into error!

"So, instead of displaying my graces
  "Through look and through words and through mien,
"I am shut up in corners and places,
  "Where truly I blush to be seen!"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
  My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declar'd, as for grace and discretion,
  He did not know much of the matter;

"But, to-morrow, sweet Spirit!" he said,
"Be at home after midnight, and then
"I will come when your lady's in bed,
"And we'll talk o'er the subject again."

So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
I suppose to her door to direct him,
And—just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO

MRS. ———

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear
The same benign, consoling Dear!
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chac'd,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.—
Where are the chords she us'd to touch?
Where are the songs she lov'd so much?
The songs are hush'd, the chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill

Of friendship soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I wak'd in Anna's breast!
Yet no—the simple notes I play'd
On memory's tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna lov'd to hear,
May all be lost on Anna's ear;
But friendship's sweet and fairy strain
Shall ever in her heart remain;
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies which tremble there!

A

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON

*THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE**.

ET REMIGEM CANTUS HORTATUR.
Quintilian.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

* I wrote these words to an air, which our boat-men sung to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable, that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn *.

Our *Voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectl tune together. The original words of the air, to whi adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incohe story, of which I could understand but little, from the barous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très bien montés ;

And the *refrain* to every verse was

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have publishe Without that charm, which association gives to every l memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the mel may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but l member when we have entered, at sunset, upon on those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrenc grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this sin air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of first masters have never given me, and now, there is n note of it, which does not recal to my memory the di our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat d the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impression which my heart was alive during the whole of this interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by tl voyageurs, who go to the Grande Portage by the l

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the day-light's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the day-light's past!

Utawas tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the day-light's past!

was River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

* "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers." *Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade.*

EPISTLE IX.

TO THE

LADY CHARLOTTE R——WD——N.

TO THE

LADY CHARLOTTE R—WD—N.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

NOT many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun, (beneath whose evening ray
We rest our boat among these Indian isles,)
Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
Through many an oak, as sacred as the groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the soul of father, or of chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf * !
There listening, Lady ! while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung

* Avendo essi per costume di avere in veneratione gli alberi grandi & antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettaccoli di anime beate. Pietro della Valle, Part. Second. Lettera 16 da i giardini di Sciraz.

On every mellow'd number! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude, luxuriant note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!
I dream'd not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep *,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,

* When I arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening, and I lay awake all night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a kind of era in my life, and the first glimpse which I caught of those wonderful Falls gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever excite again.

To Colonel Brock, of the 49th, who commanded at the Fort, I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me du-

Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed!—
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God!
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
Can scarcely dream of; which his eye must see
To know how beautiful this world can be!

But soft!—the tinges of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note

ring the fortnight I remained at Niagara. Among many pleasant days, which I passed with him and his brother-officers, that of our visit to the Tuscarora Indians was not the least interesting. They received us in all their ancient costume; the young men exhibited for our amusement, in the race, the bat-game, &c. while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees, and the picture altogether was as beautiful as it was new to me.

Dies, like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star *,
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the nigh
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake †, gliding o'er my wa
Shews the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze,
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these:

From the clime of sacred doves ‡,
Where the blessed Indian roves

* Anburey, in his Travels, has noticed this shooting lumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the S Lawrence. Vol. i. p. 29.

† The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

‡ "The departed spirit goes into the Country of Sou where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove Charlevoix, upon the Traditions and the Religion of t Savages of Canada. See the curious fable of the Ame can Orpheus in Lafitau, Tom. i. p. 402.

Through the air on wing, as white
As the spirit-stones of light *,
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Apallachian mounts!
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks, as if it hung in air † !

* "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white tones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the adians manetoe aseniah, or spirit-stones." *Makenzie's Journal.*

† I was thinking here of what Carver says so beautifully n his description of one of these lakes. "When it was alm, and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly ee huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, ome of which appeared as if they had been hewn; the vater was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and ny canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. t was impossible to look attentively through this limpid nedium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many ninutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no onger able to behold the dazzling scene."

Then, when I have stray'd awhile
Through the Manataulin isle *,
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Wakon-Bird † I fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water snake,
Basking in the web of leaves,
Which the weeping lily weaves ‡!

* Après avoir traversé plusieurs isles peu considérables, nous en trouvâmes le quatriéme jour une fameuse nommée l'Isle de Manitoualin. Voyages du Baron de Lahontan, Tom. i. Lett. 15. Manataulin signifies a Place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

† "The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit." *Morse.*

‡ The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

Then I chase the flowret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink;
Now behold him, all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip!

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread * loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head †,

* "The gold thread is of the vine-kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow." *Morse.*

† L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de

Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers!

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes;
When the grey moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wig-wams cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird * soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,

toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes: il tire sa subsistence des fleurs commes les abeilles; son nid est fait d'un cotton très fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre. Voyages aux Indes Occidentales, par M. Bossu. Second Part. Lett. xx.

* Emberiza hyemalis. *See Imlay's Kentucky*, page 280.

Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears!
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung,
Virgins *, who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land, where spirits rest!

* Lafitau wishes to believe, for the sake of his theory, ıt there was an order of vestals established among the ıquois Indians; but I am afraid that Jaques Carthier, on whose authority he supports himself, meant any thing t vestal institutions by the "cabanes publiques" which met with at Montreal. *See Lafitau, Mœurs des Sau-ges Americains, &c.* Tom. i. p. 173.

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away;
And now, fresh day-light o'er the water beams!
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood *,
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet oh! believe me, in this blooming maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every flowret's hue
Hath something strange and every leaf is new!

* Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani;
Si che remo non vuol, ne altro velo,
Che l' ale sue tra liti si lontani.

Vedi come l' ha dritte verso 'l cielo
Trattando l' aere con l' eterne penne;
Che non si mutan, come mortal pelo.
Dante, Purgator. Cant. ii.

I never feel a bliss so pure and still
So heavenly calm, as when a stream or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Or breeze or echo or some wild-flower's smell,
(For, who can say what small and fairy ties
The memory flings o'er pleasure, as it flies!)
Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights!

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the blooms of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and brightening comments on the dead!
Or whether memory to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;

When the bright future Star of England's Throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Glorious but mild, all softness yet all fire!—
Whatever hue my recollections take,
Even the regret, the very pain they wake
Is dear and exquisite!—but oh! no more—
Lady! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er
These vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks and bowers have faded on my eyes

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. ——, OF MONTREAL.

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour:
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower!

Oh! could we have stol'n but one rapturous day,
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some more exquisite mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week,
As others would take a millennium in feeling!

WRITTEN ON PASSING

DEAD-MAN'S ISLAND *,

IN THE

GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,

LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy Bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the very splendid hospitality, with which my friends of the Phaeton and Bos-

! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
e silent calm of the grave is there,
'e now and again a death-knell rung,
d the flap of the sails, with night-fog hung!

ere lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
cold and pitiless Labrador;
ıere, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
l many a mariner's bones are tost!

n shadowy Bark hath been to that wreck,
d the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
th play on as pale and livid a crew,
ever yet drank the church-yard dew!

Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
d the hand that steers is not of this world!

had treated me, that I was but ill prepared to encounter
miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather however
s pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful.
r passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky
a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on
Thou terrible Bark! ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO

THE BOSTON FRIGATE*,

ON

LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND,

OCTOBER, 1804.

ΝΟΣΤΟΥ ΠΡΟΦΑΣΙΣ ΓΑΥΚΕΡΟΥ.

Pindar. Pyth. 4.

WITH triumph this morning, oh Boston! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,

* Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom I returned to England, and to whom I am indebted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and, at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to him.

And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand *
Is the last I shall tread of American land.
Well—peace to the land! may the people, at length,
Know that freedom is bliss, but that honour is
strength;
That though man have the wings of the fetterless
wind,
Of the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet if health do not sweeten the blast with her bloom,
Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfume,
Unblest is the freedom and dreary the flight,
That but wanders to ruin and wantons to blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with regret,
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,

* Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova-Scotia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him on his visit to the College, which they have lately established at Windsor, about forty miles from Halifax, and I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by the beauty and fertility of the country which opened upon us after the bleak and rocky wilderness by which Halifax is surrounded.—I was told that, in travelling onwards, we should find the soil and the scenery improve, and it gave me much pleasure to know that the worthy Governor has by no means such an "inamabile regnum" as I was, at first sight, inclined to believe.

That communion of heart and that parley of soul,
Which has lengthen'd our nights and illumin'd our bowl,
When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind or the mien
Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had ador'd,
Whose name often hallow'd the juice of their board!
And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I told them each luminous trait that I knew,
They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful stream
Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
Without leaving one fragment of genius, to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away!
Farewell to the few—though we never may meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my name
Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same
I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful and blest,
Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest!

But, DOUGLAS! while thus I endear to my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,

I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear DOUGLAS! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore!
Oh! think then how happy I follow thee now,
When hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is inshrin'd;
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;

Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my
heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part!—

But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia farewell!

TO

LADY H——,

ON AN

OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WE

" Tunnebrige est a la meme distance de Londres, que Fonta
" l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un
" l' autre sexe s'y rassemble au tems des eaux. La con
" &c. &c."

See Memoires de Grammont, Second Part. Cha

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, AUGUST, 1

WHEN Grammont grac'd these happy sprin
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever rul'd these gay, gallant isles;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd,
And lovely Stewart smil'd like you!

The only different trait is this,
  That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying "yes,"
  Because, as yet, she knew no better!

Each night they held a coterie,
  Where every fear to slumber charm'd,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
  And husbands not the least alarm'd!

They call'd up all their school-day pranks,
  Nor thought it much their sense beneath
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
  And lords shew'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As—"Why are husbands like the Mint?"
  Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is just to set the name and print
  That give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a garden's wilder'd maze
  "Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
Because it wants some hand to raise
  The weeds, which "have no business there!"

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,
  And now they struck and now they parried,
And some lay-in of full-grown wit,
  While others of a pun miscarried.

'Twas one of those facetious nights
  That Grammont gave this forfeit ring
For breaking grave conundrum rites,
  Or punning ill, or—some such thing;

From whence it can be fairly trac'd
  Through many a branch and many a bough,
From twig to twig, until it grac'd
  The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then—to you
  Oh Tunbridge! and your springs ironical,
I swear by H—thc—te's eye of blue
  To dedicate th' important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
  Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's loves in H—thc—te live,
  And Charles's bards revive in Rogers!

Let no pedantic fools be there,
  For ever be those fops abolish'd,
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
  And, Heaven knows! not half so polish'd.

But still receive the mild, the gay,
  The few, who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
  And acting Grammont every night!

TO

NEVER mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lip, that's so scented by roses,
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments,
Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
Oh, FANNY! they're pitiful sages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eye
  Better light than she studies above,
And music must borrow your sigh
  As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethics—'tis you that can check,
  In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels;
Oh! shew but that mole on your neck,
  And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
  When to kiss and to count you endeavour;
But Eloquence glows on your lip
  When you swear, that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance
  Of arts is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
  Man never need wish to go through!

And, oh!—if a fellow like me
  May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
  My divine little Mistress of Arts!

EXTRACT

FROM

"*THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS**."

* I promised that I would give the remainder of this Poem, but, as my critics do not seem to relish the sublime learning which it contains, they shall have no more of it. With a view however to the edification of these gentlemen, I have prevailed on an industrious friend of mine, who has read a great number of unnecessary books, to illuminate the extract with a little of his precious erudition.

EXTRACT

FROM

"*THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS.*"

ΤΙ ΚΑΚΟΝ 'Ο ΓΕΛΩΣ;
Chrysost. Homil. in Epist. ad Hebræos.

* * *

But, whither have these gentle ones,
The rosy nymphs and black-eyed nuns,
With all of Cupid's wild romancing,
Led my truant brains a dancing?
Instead of wise encomiastics
Upon the Doctors and Scholastics,
Polymaths and Polyhistors,
Polyglots and—all their sisters,
The instant I have got the whim in,
Off I fly with nuns and women,
Like epic poets, ne'er at ease
Until I've stol'n "in medias res!"

So have I known a hopeful youth
Sit down, in quest of lore and truth,
With tomes, sufficient to confound him,
Like Tohu Bohu, heap'd around him,
Mamurra * stuck to Theophrastus,
And Galen tumbling o'er Bombastus † !
When lo! while all that's learn'd and wise
Absorbs the boy, he lifts his eyes,

* Mamurra, a dogmatic philosopher, who never doul about any thing, except who was his father. "Nulli re unquam præterquam de patre dubitavit." In vit.— was very learned—"La-dedans, (that is, in his head w it was opened) Le Punique heurte le Persan, l'Hél choque l'Arabique, pour ne point parler de la maur intelligence du Latin avec le Grec, &c. See L'Histoir Montmaur, Tom. 2. page 91.

† Bombastus was one of the names of that great sch and quack Paracelsus. "Philippus Bombastus latet splendido tegmine Aureoli Theophrasti Paracelsi" Stadelius de circumforaneâ Literatorum vanitate.— used to fight the devil every night with a broad-sword the no small terror of his pupil Oporinus, who has recor the circumstance. (Vide Oporin. Vit. apud Christ Gryph. Vit. Select. quorundam Eruditissimorum, &c.) racelsus had but a poor opinion of Galen. "My beard (says he in his Paragranum) has more learnin it than either Galen or Avicenna."

And through the window of his study
Beholds a virgin fair and ruddy,
With eyes, as brightly turn'd upon him, as
The angel's * were on Hyeronymus,
Saying, 'twas just as sweet to kiss her—oh!
Far more sweet than reading Cicero!
Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,
Old Homer's laurell'd brow is batter'd,
And Sappho's skin to Tully's leather,
All are confus'd and tost together!
Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,
Oh woman! for thy lovelier page:
Sweet book! unlike the books of art,
Whose errors are thy fairest part;

* The angel, who scolded St. Jerom for reading Cicero, as Gratian tells the story in his "Concordantia discordantium Canonum," and says that for this reason bishops were not allowed to read the Classics. "Episcopus Gentilium libros non legat." Distinct. 37. But Gratian is notorious for lying—besides, angels have got no tongues, as the illustrious pupil of Pantenus assures us. Ουχ' ὡς ημιν τα ωτα, ὅτως εκειναις ἡ γλωττα· ουδ' αν οργανα τις δωη φωνης αγγελοις, Clem. Alexand. Stromat. Now, how an angel could scold without a tongue, I shall leave the angelic Mrs. —— to determine.

In whom, the dear errata column
Is the best page in all the volume * !
But, to begin my subject rhyme—
'Twas just about this devilish time,
When scarce there happen'd any frolics
That were not done by Diabolics,
A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,
Who woman scorn'd, nor knew the use of her,
A branch of Dagon's family,
(Which Dagon, whether He or She,
Is a dispute that vastly better is
Referr'd to Scaliger † et cæteris,)

* The idea of the Rabbins about the origin of woman is singular. They think that man was originally formed with a tail, like a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage behind, and made woman of it. Upon this extraordinary supposition the following reflection is founded.

If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf,
For he takes to his tail like an ideot again,
And he makes a deplorable ape of himself.
Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers th' original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why he—leaves her behind him as much as he can.

† Scaliger. de Emendat. Tempor.—Dagon was thought by others to be a certain sea-monster, who came every day

Finding that, in this cage of fools,
The wisest sots adorn the schools,
Took it at once his head Satanic in,
To grow a great scholastic mannikin,
A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
Scotus John or Tom Aquinas *,
Lully, Hales irrefragabilis,
Or any doctor of the rabble is!
In languages †, the Polyglots,
Compar'd to him, were Babel sots;

out of the Red Sea to teach the Syrians husbandry. See Jaques Gaffarel's Curiositiés inouïes, chap. 1. He says he thinks this story of the sea-monster "carries little shew of probability with it."

* I wish it were known with any degree of certainty whether the Commentary on Boethius attributed to Thomas Aquinas be really the work of this Angelic Doctor. There are some bold assertions hazarded in it: for instance, he says that Plato kept school in a town called Academia, and that Alcibiades was a very beautiful woman whom some of Aristotle's pupils fell in love with. "Alcibiades mulier fuit pulcherrima, quam videntes quidam discipuli Aristotelis, &c. See Freytag Adparat. Litterar. Art. 86. Tom. 1.

† The following compliment was paid to Laurentius Valla, upon his accurate knowledge of the Latin language.

He chatter'd more than ever Jew did,
Sanhedrim and Priest included,
Priest and holy Sanhedrim
Where one-and-seventy fools to him!
But chief the learned demon felt a
Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,
That, all for Greek and learning's glory *,
He nightly tippled "Græco more,"

Nunc postquam manes defunctus Valla petivit,
Non audet Pluto verba Latina loqui.

Since Val arriv'd in Pluto's shade,
His nouns and pronouns all so pat in,
Pluto himself would be afraid
To ask ev'n "what's o'clock" in Latin!

These lines may be found in the "Auctorum Censio
Du Verdier (page 29) an excellent critic, if he could
either felt or understood any one of the works whic
criticises.

* It is much to be regretted that Martin Luther,
all his talents for reforming, should yet be vulgar en
to laugh at Camerarius for writing to him in Gr
"Master Joachim (says he) has sent me some dates
and some raisins, and has also written me two lette
Greek. As soon as I am recovered, I shall answer
in Turkish, that he too may have the pleasure of re

And never paid a bill or balance
Except upon the Grecian Kalends,
From whence your scholars, when they want tick,
Say, to be At-tick's to be on tick!
In logics, he was quite Ho Panu *!
Knew as much as ever man knew.

what he does not understand."—— "Græca sunt, legi non possunt" is the ignorant speech attributed to Accursius; but very unjustly—far from asserting that Greek could not be read, that worthy jurisconsult upon the Law 6. D. de Bonor. possess. expressly says "Græcæ literæ possunt intelligi et legi." (Vide Nov. Libror. Rarior. Collection. Fasciculi IV.)—Scipio Carteromachus seems to think that there is no salvation out of the pale of Greek Literature: "Via prima salutis Graiâ pandetur ab urbe." And the zeal of Laurentius Rhodomannus cannot be sufficiently admired, when he exhorts his countrymen "per gloriam Christi, per salutem patriæ, per reipublicæ decus et emolumentum" to study the Greek language. Nor must we forget Phavorinus, the excellent Bishop of Nocera, who, careless of all the usual commendations of a Christian, required no further eulogium on his tomb than "Here lieth a Greek Lexicographer."

* O ΠΑΝΥ.—The introduction of this language into English poetry has a good effect, and ought to be more universally adopted. A word or two of Greek in a stanza

He fought the combat syllogistic
With so much skill and art eristic,
That though you were the learned Stagyrit
At once upon the hip he had you right!
Sometimes indeed his speculations
Were view'd as dangerous innovations.
As thus—the Doctors house did harbour a
Sweet blooming girl, whose name was Barb
Oft, when his heart was in a merry key,
He taught this maid his esoterica,
And sometimes, as a cure for hectics,
Would lecture her in dialectics.
How far their zeal let him and her go
Before they came to sealing Ergo,
Or how they placed the medius terminus,
Our chronicles do not determine us;

would serve as ballast to the most "light o' love" v
Ausonius, among the antients, may serve as a model:

Ου γαρ μοι θεμις εςιν in hac regione μενοντι
Αξιον ab nostris επιδευεα esse καμηναις.

Ronsard, the French poet, has enriched his sonnet
odes with many an exquisite morsel from the Lexicon
"chere Entelechie," in addressing his mistress, is admi
and can only be matched by Cowley's "Antiperistas

But so it was—by some confusion
In this their logical prælusion,
The Doctor wholly spoil'd, they say,
The figure * of young Barbara;
And thus, by many a snare sophistic,
And enthymeme paralogistic,
Beguil'd a maid, who could not give,
To save her life, a negative †
In music, though he had no ears
Except for that amongst the spheres,
(Which most of all, as he averr'd it,
He dearly loved, 'cause no one heard it,)

* The first figure of simple syllogisms, to which Barbara belongs, together with Celarent, Darii, and Ferio.

† Because the three propositions in the mood of Barbara are universal affirmatives.—The poet borrowed this equivoque upon Barbara from a curious Epigram which Menckenius gives in a note upon his Essays "de Charlataneria Eruditorum."—In the "Nuptiæ Peripateticæ" of Caspar Barlæus, the reader will find some facetious applications of the terms of logic to matrimony. Crambe's treatise on Syllogisms, in Martinus Scriblerus, is borrowed chiefly from the "Nuptiæ Peripateticæ" of Barlæus.

Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
And find, by Euclid's corollaria,
The ratios of a jig or aria.
But, as for all your warbling Delias,
Orpheuses and Saint Cecilias,
He own'd he thought them much surpass'd
By that redoubted Hyaloclast *
Who still contriv'd by dint of throttle,
Where'er he went, to crack a bottle!

Likewise to shew his mighty knowledge, he,
On things unknown in physiology,
Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
Like that great little man Albertus,
Wherein he shew'd the reason why,
When children first are heard to cry,
If boy the baby chance to be,
He cries OA!—if girl, OE!—
They are, says he, exceeding fair hints
Respecting their first sinful parents;

* Or Glass-Breaker—Morhofius has given an account of this extraordinary man, in a work published 1682. "De vitreo csypho fracto, &c."

"Oh Eve!" exclaimeth little madam,
While little master cries "Oh Adam!" *

In point of science astronomical,
It seem'd to him extremely comical
That, once a year, the frolic sun
Should call at Virgo's house for fun,
And stop a month and blaze around her
Yet leave her Virgo, as he found her!
But, 'twas in Optics and Dioptrics,
Our dæmon play'd his first and top tricks,
He held that sunshine passes quicker
Through wine than any other liquor;
That glasses are the best utensils
To catch the eye's bewilder'd pencils;
And though he saw no great objection
To steady light and pure reflection,
He thought the aberrating rays,
Which play about a bumper's blaze,
Were by the Doctors look'd, in common, on,
As a more rare and rich phenomenon!

* This is translated almost literally from a passage in Albertus de Secretis, &c.—I have not the book by me, or I would transcribe the words.

He wisely said that the sensorium
Is for the eyes a great emporium,
To which these noted picture stealers
Send all they can and meet with dealers.
In many an optical proceeding
The brain, he said, shew'd great good breedi
For instance, when we ogle women,
(A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in,)
Although the dears are apt to get in a
Strange position on the retina,
Yet instantly the modest brain
Doth set them on their legs again * !

Our doctor thus with " stuff'd sufficiency"
Of all omnigenous omnisciency
Began (as who would not begin
That had, like him, so much within ?)
To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts ;

* Alluding to that habitual act of the judgment, which, notwithstanding the inversion of the image u the retina, a correct impression of the object is conve to the sensorium,

Poems, so very deep and sensible
That they were quite incomprehensible *,
Prose, which had been at learning's Fair,
And bought up all the trumpery there,
The tatter'd rags of every vest,
In which the Greeks and Romans drest,
And o'er her figure swoll'n and antic
Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
That those, who saw the fits she had,
Declar'd unhappy Prose was mad!

* Under this description, I believe, "the Devil among the Scholars" may be included. Yet Leibnitz found out the uses of incomprehensibility, when he was appointed secretary to a society of philosophers at Nuremberg, merely for his merit in writing a caballistical letter, one word of which neither they nor himself could interpret. See the Eloge Historique de M. de Leibnitz, l'Europe Savante.)—People in all ages have loved to be puzzled. We find Cicero thanking Atticus for having sent him a work of Serapion "ex quo (says he) quidem ego (quod inter nos liceat dicere) millesimam partem vix intelligo." Lib. 2. Epist. 4. And we know that Avicen, the learned Arabian, read Aristole's Metaphysics forty times over, for the supreme pleasure of being able to inform the world that he could not comprehend one syllable throughout them. (Nicolas Massa in Vit. Avicen.)

Epics he wrote and scores of rebusses,
All as neat as old Turnebus's;
Eggs and altars, cyclopædias,
Grammars, prayer books—oh! 'twere tedious,
Did I but tell the half, to follow me,
Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
No—nor the hoary Trismegistus,
(Whose writings all, thank heaven! have miss'd us,)
E'er fill'd with lumber such a ware-room
As this great "porcus literarum!"

* * *

FINIS.

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